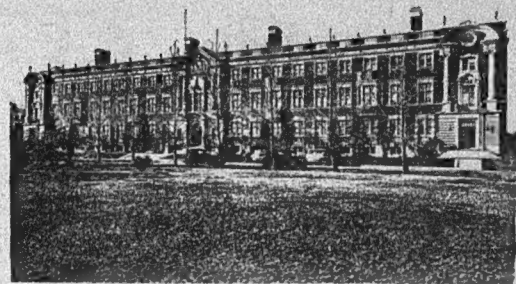




The Gateway



VOL. XXVI, No. 14.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1935

FOUR PAGES

VARSITY RINK ACQUIRES RENEWED POPULARITY

THE INTER-YEAR PLAYS

By JACK GARRETT

On Friday evening the Dramatic Society of the University produced four plays well up to the standard. The general level of acting, with a few exceptions, was very high; in some cases the directing might have been better. But there was plenty of variety in the plays, and the audience was well satisfied even if it disagreed with the judges' decision.

The Freshman Class presented the lightest play of the evening, "Speaking to Father." It was a series of little explosions, and every line was spoken as if it were the last in the play. We did not feel that even in the argument between Swinger and Pickering that the actors really came to grips. The climax was weak for the same reason. Possibly the explanation was that nearly every actor in this play pitched his or her voice on one key and kept it there. This was true of the father, mother, daughter and professor.

The play was well cast, however, especially in the cases of Art Erikson, who had the look of a father, and Malcolm Thomas-Peter was convincing in his role of smart Alec. George Oldring caricatured Professor Bliss a little too much and lost some of the laughs the part should have got. He used a dry monotone for Bliss's "pearls of wisdom," and it was not very effective after the first three or four lines. "Remember the teaching of Mahala—don't worry!" was a good line, but he said it without expression.

(Continued on Page 3)

POPULAR CHOICE

The Selection Committee of Alberta for the Rhodes Scholarship met on Saturday, and after lengthy deliberation, chose Mark McClung the Alberta Rhodes Scholar for 1936.

Mark, who received his earlier training in Calgary High Schools, graduated this year in Honors Philosophy. He entered the University in 1931, and since that time has established an enviable scholastic record, including the Gaetz Prize in Philosophy 2.

Mr. McClung has been active in University debating circles since his Freshman year. In 1933 he represented the N.F.C.U.S. in a debate against Bates College, and in 1934-35 his debating prowess was recognized when he was elected President of the Debating Society.

He has been an active member of the Philosophical Society, and at the present time is a member of the executive. His present activities also include the position of President of the History Club.

Mark has also been prominent in University golf circles, and his prowess at the "Royal and Ancient" game has been proved in more than one Varsity tournament.

The Rhodes Scholar-elect will leave for England next fall, and we feel sure that the University of Alberta will be well represented at "dear old Oxford."

Students Hear Dr. F. H. Spencer "Reflections of an English Teacher"

RHODES SCHOLAR



MARK McCLUNG

WARNING!

The executive of the Junior Class are appealing to the guests at the Junior Prom. All in attendance are requested to take particular care in the use of matches, cigarettes, cigars and pipes, as there will be a number of highly inflammable grass huts among the decorations, and the fire hazard will necessarily be great. They feel certain, however, that everyone will behave themselves circumspectly in this matter, and not cause any further or fire.

Another announcement of importance is that the much liked Varsity Dance Orchestra, under the direction of Milt "Guy Lombardo Wayne King" Edwards, will also be in attendance at the Prom. They will take over from Mort Rael during the first supper, thus allowing the music to continue in full swing instead of slacking off as formerly when one or two members of the orchestra took time off for refreshments. This idea will strike a novel note, well worth copying at other big formal, for besides giving the musicians a rest, the change of style of playing of the two orchestras should appeal to the dancers.

Arrangements have been made for Queenie Jackson, overtown singer of note, to entertain the dancers with her singing. It is felt that a good singer is indeed an asset to any dance, and the Prom is fortunate in getting Miss Jackson to perform for them.

Decorations and the main motif are rapidly taking form under the guiding hands of Jack Cawston and Paddy MacDonald. Lower gym in Athabasca Hall is cluttered with paint pot and kibitzers, the latter a dangerous type of student who takes delight in standing around watching people work, never failing to pass caustic comment and get in the way as much as possible. But it won't be long now. Everything with tickets is all set, so we'll be seen' ya.

SUNDAY SERVICE

There will be a Students' Sunday Service in Convocation Hall Nov. 8, at 11 o'clock. Dr. Tuttle will speak on "Worship."

LOST

One pair of tube skates at Varsity Rink last Monday. Will the person who found them please leave them at The Gateway Office.

O. LORNE OATWAY.

FRENCH CLUB

Dr. Sonet will give a short talk on the French Foreign Legion in his own inimitable manner at the French Club on Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 4:30 in St. Joe's Auditorium. Also a gory melodrama will be presented.

Junior Prom On Air Over CFRN Friday

Arranged by the Student Extension Department, a broadcast from the Junior Prom will be released over CFRN Friday night. A dance by dance account of the affair will be given for the benefit of students not able to attend, and the broadcast will also be a good-will gesture toward the people of the province.

Featured will be Mort Rael's Orchestra and Queenie Jackson Bowdette, well known Canadian Radio Commission vocalist. A colorful description of the dance will be provided between musical numbers.

The Prom will go on the air immediately following broadcast of a junior hockey game from the Arena. Providing the game is not played, "the cast" will get under way at 9:00 p.m. In either case, Varsity will be on the air for one hour Friday night, commencing before 10:00 p.m.

Tune in to 1260 kilocycles.

FANTASIA

Saturday night over one hundred Freshmen and Freshettes flocked to the standards of Jones, cast off their carking cares, forgot their wretchedness, discarded ennui to rejoice in, to indulge in, to luxuriate in this manna of the wilderness, this delectable juncundity, this party of parties.

RHAPSODY

Life's fruition, pleased gratification, complacent self-satisfaction, felicity, bliss, beatitude, enchantment, rapture, ecstasy—the supreme elysium—this was the Freshman Frolic.

SYMPHONY

Captivated by the merriment, enraptured by the hilarity, fascinated by the gay geniality of the occasion, this group of students set out on their wild sleigh ride of Saturday night.

Travelling east, south, west and north, this galaxy of humans sang and laughed, throned on the highest bliss. Two hours of unadulterated heyday buffoonery, one hundred and twenty minutes of skylarking vagary, and they return to the Rose Room of the Varsity Tuck to indulge in the second phase of their gambade.

PASTORALE

Eating and dancing—every artifice in terpsichorean adroitness, every design of pantophagy, utter absence of a thought of quadragesima—in all, an uncomplicated good time. Consummating happiness!

KINDA NICE

EXHIBITION HOCKEY

An exhibition hockey game was played Saturday afternoon in the Varsity rink. The Senior team tangled with a team picked from the interfac ranks. Of course the Senior players were outstanding, but the other boys gave them some real opposition, and from the standpoint of a practice the game was very successful.

Doug, Sharpe scored the first goal by slipping the rubber past the posts on a pass from Cruickshank. Bob Zender and Dunlap co-operated to gain credit for the second tally. In the third period Bassarab on a lone rush scored the final goal.

The players showed their good condition and the fact that teamwork is fast developing. By next Tuesday, when the Golden Bears meet Vegreville, we expect a smooth functioning, effective aggregate to take the ice against the visitors.

Hockey, Varsity Arena, Saturday, December 7, Vegreville vs. University of Alberta.

Whata Wow

"Br-r-r-r; hotcha! Br-r-r-r, hotchal Br-r-r-r, ho—"

"Well, make up your mind. What's it going to be?"

"Br-r-r-r."

"No."

"BR- R-R-R."

"NO!"

"Hotcha!"

"Right, take it away."

Which gets us nowhere quite rapidly except to lead up to the point that we are discussing the Varsity Rink. Yes, yes, we know. But then Prowse has been in there for quite a while, and you really should forget your petty animosities for the moment until I get straightened away! here. Br-r-r-r. Now, don't look at me like that. Br-r; ah, now that's better. Ha-ha-hotcho. No, that's no sneeze. It is simply an ejaculation pertaining to the supreme good-will and childlike candour with which I repeat things for the benefit of, well, me mostly.

Now then:

"Harper runs the rink,"

"N' the rink runs Harper—"

"I see (pronounced in a high falsetto) you."

"Aaw, hell, now—you quit that!" (delete). "Well, all right." What I was going to say pertains mostly to a bit of a blurb for a bloke named Harper (I like to say Harper better than Prowse because Harper has two syllables in it).

The rink, nurtured by Harper the mammal, is going big, strong, virile, tuti-fruti, if you get what we mean. They have colored lights. They turn these colored lights on every second band. These colored lights look very nice when they are turned on. I like these colored lights. They are nice. They also serve ice-cream free for nothing which you don't need to pay for. I like ice cream too, don't you? They are going to give ice cream away to those at the rink quite often. I think that will be nice, don't you? Yes, I do too. Yes, so do I. They also have another short story idea. No, they call this a novel idea. They have made some arrangement with Heinze-men, no, Heintzman, no, you pronounce it like you were hit in the stomach and then say men after. Well, this and Co. have made some agreement with Harper the mermaid to play selections of the very latest, the most up-to-date jazz (u pitts?) during every intermission. This is all very nice, don't you think? Yes, so do—ow! What the hell!

But you must come and see it all some time, and share it all, and so on, etc., etc., etc., umm umm. Yup, that's it. Gooda-bye!

We Wonder

When the residents of the South Wing of Athabasca are going to tire of the nightly follies performance in the North Wing of Pembina, and when the girls are going to tire of giving it?

Who R.C.H. is (Gateway correspondent) and doesn't the general consensus of opinion agree with him?

Why Mac Jones got annoyed over a little thing like a cockroach in his desert Sunday evening when anyone knows a cockroach wouldn't eat much?

What Gwen Waters and Harold Love think the balcony tea room in St. Joe's Tuck is—a boudoir?

Why Eileen Pearson would get wrathful over a little thing like Doreen Findley having her afternoon siesta on Jay Burke's C.E. lab desk?

If the name of Jack Corbett's companion of the 22nd was Lil or if he was just saying lil' girlie? and what she wanted with his money anyway?

If the winner of the Rhodes Scholarship thanked Willie the Schoolboy for not applying?

If Archie White is attempting to acquire the reputation of Cassanova or Cellini?

How Ed Levesque intends to tuck his vest under Picardy lunch counter Wednesday evening when he and Marion strut?

LOST

Phi Gamma Delta Pin. Finder please leave in Gateway office.

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of the House Ec Club in the House Ec lab on Wednesday, Dec. 4th, at 4:30 p.m. All members of the club are invited. Tea will be served.

U.B.C. News—Trouble For Athletes—McGowan Debaters Chosen

BY DORWIN BAIRD

Gateway Intersvarsity News Service
UNIV. OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,
VANCOUVER, Nov. 30.—Much astonishment was caused this week when several members of the Football Club were summoned before the Student Discipline Committee without warning or explanation. Appearing before the committee, the summoned men learned that they were to be fined for non-payment of football strip deposits in the early part of the season.

The players had many excuses for this evading of the payment, saying that they either did not know anything about it at all, or had not seen anyone to pay the money to. However, they were fined \$1.50—one dollar fine and fifty cents to cover the cost of cleaning the strip. The players are circulating a petition setting forth their contention that the deposit system is badly administered, useless, and open to abuse.

Go to Edmonton

When the McGowan Cup debates are held January 17 in the four Western universities, John Conway and Alvin Rosenbaum will journey from here to Edmonton to represent this campus. Both men are experienced debaters, having actively participated in debates of the Parliamentary Forum here.

Sask. News—Bowling Tourney Aids Stadium— "Sheaf" Controversy Quiet

BY BILL KINSMAN

Gateway Intersvarsity News Service
UNIV. OF SASKATCHEWAN, Dec. 1
—For fifteen continuous hours the thunder of rolling balls and the crashing of scattered pins re-echoed through the largest bowling alley in Saskatoon during the Monster Bowling Tournament held on Saturday, Nov. 30. All the alleys of Fingard's Bowladrome were leased by the Stadium Fund Bowling Tournament Committee for the entire day. The tournament commenced at 9 a.m. and lasted until midnight. Over 600 students and professors took part in about 225 teams, representing every college and organization on the campus. Fifty valuable prizes will be distributed to the winners on Tuesday.

Strikes, spares and goose-eggs were the order of the day as eager bowlers strained their arms or gave forth dismayed groans when they failed to take out the king pin. Many bowlers played on two or more teams. The purpose of the tournament was to raise funds for the Griffiths Stadium, which is to be erected on the site of the new rugby field. A similar tournament held last spring raised over \$400 for the fund. The committee expects to clear over \$450 when all expenses are paid. Bowling tournaments will be a bi-annual event until the fund becomes large enough to construct the stadium. By that time they will be a tradition.

Scores of prizes will be distributed on Tuesday to individuals, teams and colleges. The highest score of the day was 314 for one game, made by Joe Griffiths, Saskatchewan athletic coach, after whom the new stadium will be named. The highest student score was made by Bill Norton. Miss E. Lewis made the highest co-ed score. Keith Laberge's men's team had the highest team score of 2,881. The ladies' highest team score was made by Zola The's team. The mixed team with the highest score was led by Lon Leard.

Grad Wins Scholarship

Neil B. Hutcheon, who received his master's degree in Engineering from this University last May, has been awarded the 1936 I.O.D.E. overseas scholarship for his research work and thesis on the strength of flat clamped plates, which he did here last year for the National Research Council. He is now attending the University of London. The major part of his course for the coming year will be original work in the field of strength of materials.

The last issue of The Sheaf before Christmas was published on Friday. The Sheaf, the student newspaper here, has been the subject of much controversy in the daily papers of this province. Repercussions in the form of letters to the editors, and resolutions passed by various organizations will have to go unanswered until the new year.



THE GATEWAY

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by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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CEPHALALGIA

At all times, in any single group of individuals, in any place there has always been, there is, and there probably always will be a certain number within that group suffering from overgrown moral inhibitions, and who take it upon themselves to throw as many big heavy monkey-wrenches into the works as they can lay their hands on. This was to be seen here only a few weeks ago when a few of the resident students gave vent to a rather remarkable, though foolish, display of childish temper brought on by the folly of their own indiscretions. It is to be seen now, emanating from the Law Library. Fermented in the minds of a few senior, law, ingenious simpletons, it oozes forth, fetid and odious, to be sloshed around and wallowed in. Phlegmatic individuality, piteous inconsistency, deplorable animosity, revolting stupidity, all, without exception, seem to be paramount in the cerebral voids surrounded by hair and ears and which we call the heads of university students.

Pine about the overwhelming inefficiency if you wish, wax eloquently profane regarding the rottenness of the system of you will, but first suggest a better method if you can. If the students who bellow their rage, who scream their hate, who placard their ignorance would describe their prescriptions, probably very little would be heard. The Students' Union is a system that has evolved and grown up with the University. The men and women who operate the Union know it is large and unwieldy. It must be for the simple reason that all this work is secondary always to their academic studies. They at least take it on the chin and keep their mouths shut. When a group of students are so far gone that their crowning mental accomplishment is the production of a petition questioning and insulting the actions of an all-too-few number of individuals who invest their time and energy in an endeavor to make this institution a decent place in which to indulge in an academic career, then we feel, this University should be called the madhouse that it seems to be. We can say it no better than did "another student" in Friday's Gateway when he advised: "Let's diagnose the disease and prescribe a cure." Cephalalgia!

—T. W. C.

UNDO THE SAFETY PIN

Two and one-half weeks ago the Frosh elected for their president Maclean Jones. Now, probably for the first time, the Freshman Class has a president who is conscientiously trying, and so far, succeeding in trying, to make Class '39 a united group with an active interest in themselves. Mac has had plenty of experience, and has long since proven his executive ability. This year his task is an especially difficult one inasmuch as he must foster the revival of student interest in University affairs—a thing long since deceased. But one thing is certain—if the attitude of the Freshmen continues as at present, they will be the strongest single body on the campus. The energy and ability of their president and executive combined with the enthusiasm and active interest of the class as a whole will of a certainty make their organization paramount on the University grounds.

The one thing, however, than can undermine and ruin this new interest in campus affairs is if a few of the members of the class take it upon themselves to adopt either the phlegmatic indifference of upper classmen in general, or the smart-alec idealism of the seniors in particular. If this happens it will be only a matter of time until their ideas of support and co-operation are warped and distorted. It is to be hoped that the liberty, freedom, and status of the new members of the campus will not become impregnated with the nondescript, utter indifference of their predecessors.

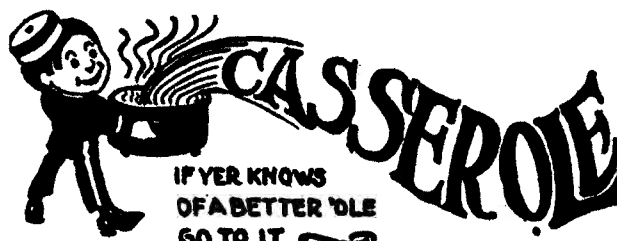
A change in undergraduate life and activity is imminent. It is certain that as long as the present vacillating attitude of the students continues those in charge will keep us as we are and as we should be—like a young girls' prep school. It is only when we have dried our ears and sufficiently weaned ourselves so that we can develop our minds, perceive our object, and strive for it in a sane, intelligent manner, that the disciplinary force of the campus will permit us any worth-while degree of democracy.

Apparently this is going to be a task for the Freshmen, since no one else has a mind to do it. It is up to them whether or not they cast off their diapers and wear long pants, or whether they following the present attitude and never learn to undo the safety pin.

—T. W. C.

IT'S THE WOMEN WHAT DON'T PAY

One would gather that a discussion of women would entail a prolonged acrimonious discussion of caustic



And then there was the Scotsman who married the half-witted girl because she was 50 per cent. off.

Aunt Fannie—Aren't you going to say the blessing, dear?"
Machine Age Child—This food is coming to you through the courtesy of God Almighty."

"What makes you think this is a night for wild oats?"
"Your eyes have told me so."—Ski-U-Mah.

It has come to our notice that the Classics Department is indulging in Horace play.

Eddie Cantor's stories are "rah" any way you spell it!

Weekes—Shall I go to a mind-reader or a palm reader?"
Freshman—Better make it a palm reader. Undoubtedly you have a palm."

It is estimated that a dairy cow consumes approximately eleven and one-half tons of water per year. And how much do some dairies consume?

First Bruglar—Where have you been?
Second Ditto—Robbing one of the Residences.
First Burglar—Lose anything?

Again, the Government:
Sing a song of bonuses,
And dividends and saps,
By 1985 we'll get
Some profit back—perhaps!

An English visitor saw Niagara Falls for the first time. He stood impassive, while his Canadian friend explained how many thousands of gallons of water poured over the cataracts of the falls every second. "Isn't it amazing?"

The Englishman lifted his face with a bored expression. "What's to prevent it?" he asked.

phrases. Much rather were we able to temper these few words with a certain trend of amiability. Those exponents of virility, those champions of acerbity, in other words, those who wear trousers, should in a measure determine the nature of the group of individuals we call women. Of course, there are types, degrees, and valuations, categories, states, and classes of these Aphroditian characters. To wit, you can always find some sweet Miss believing that you can see ocean greyhounds at a dog show, and ochre is used for making puddings, only in stores they call it tapi-ochre.

If you ever go to Pembina, you will in a vague unreasonable way be overwhelmed by this hostel of female delusions, this asylum of puerile inconsistencies, this retreat of feline idiosyncrasies. We have our opinion of what the rotunda of a women's residence should be like. It does not have to look like a Cecil B. De Mille production, but are we asking too much if we insist that it should, in its meagre pretentiousness, allow for an element of serenity? To be charged by a band of howling primitives, a tribe of Amazonian fanatics, and be forced to skip a rope at pepper rate for an indefinite length of time, before you will be allowed to mutter a few faint mutterings to the maid, is, well, not just the mostest fun.

When you do finally get the party for whom you set out, you have to set about bargaining for her time, and will be informed that she must be back to work in half an hour. If you draw up a chair and argue the point for a couple of hours, she will finally give in, and as a great concession will compromise by permitting you one-half hour of her time.

You will find this same engaging flexibility, this same charming weakness of character every time you come up against a Pembinita.

Another thing that throws the lowly male off his stride in Pembina is their attitude towards him. In other places the girls will gaze upon the resplendent male with awe, admiration, or what is more commendable, with downright hatred. The Pembinites, however, are superior souls. One and all they contemplate the male with the most stupendous indifference. You can come or go or lie down in the middle of the rotunda and die for all they care. In a half-hearted way they offer you entertainment. If you accept, they show their gratitude by chewing a stick of gum. If you refuse, they profess their disappointment by chewing two sticks of gum.

But if the greater percentage of the natives contemplate you with a profound apathy, the same cannot be said of a few who have taken up their residence in this little paradise. These will accompany you to shows, to dances, to dinners, to luncheons, to teas, or to athletics. It will be noticed, however, that they are continually preparing for an orgy, or just getting over an orgy. The Pembinites call these orgies meals, but they are really each a career.

But it is all relatively simple. No matter what it is, why, when or where, if you ask, if you try to understand, if you question, if you criticize, or if you politely inquire, the answer you always get is "twittering." It seems that that is all you get by way of explanation for anything. You finally learn that it means "Just an old Pembinita custom."

—T. W. C.



Our files contain a number of letters which are sent to us from time to time for publication in The Gateway. Many of these have not been printed because the writers have failed to give their names. Names and addresses will be treated as confidential, if so desired, and only the "nom de plume" will be published. However, the Editor must be in possession of the real name.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I note with a certain surprise that your Woman's Page Editor has, in the November 27th issue, revived an ancient myth. Whether this was done in order merely to fill a yawning column, or whether ye editor imagined that by constant repetition she might bring the idea closer to acceptance, I do not know. I am strongly moved, however, to take a pot-shot at the balloon so temptingly raised.

The lady was apparently moved to wrath by the statement of someone that "the female character was emotional, unintellectual and subservient." The obvious truth of the remark, under present conditions, she could not deny. But she has offered an ancient excuse for woman's backwardness. She argues, as all feminists have argued before her, that women have been repressed and imprisoned by a man-made society, crushed under a concept of female character that forbade them displaying the qualities of initiative and independence. She states further that in the past seventy years, as these harsh restrictions relaxed, women have taken an increasingly active part in the world of men, and she is quite confident that in the future they will show themselves the equals, or the superiors, of men in every field of endeavor.

There is a certain plausibility about the argument. Women have been held down and restricted far more than was really necessary. But it is really futile to suggested that this is the reason why there have been so pitifully few women who achieved anything worth while in commerce, science, art, or government.

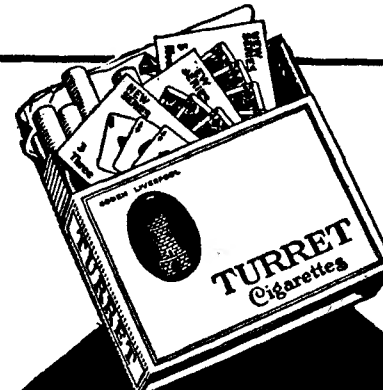
Women have not been the only victims of oppression and discrimination. Whole races and classes of men have been held in a far harder bondage, yet innumerable members of these have fought their way to greatness. When slavery flourished, vast numbers were regarded as mere animals or chattels. Whatever may have been desired of the ideal "female character," the ideal "slave character" contained no human qualities at all. Any divergence from the type of brutish servility was rigorously suppressed by the master class. Yet from Aesop to Booker T. Washington, there is a long list of slaves who achieved great things, and left their mark on the history of the world. The Jews were persecuted and ostracised for centuries, denied all normal contacts with other races, imprisoned in their ghettos. Yet the Jew has always been in the forefront of civilization, and his contribution to the world's storehouse perhaps exceeds that of any other race. Men ignorant and unlettered have mastered difficult sciences without help or instruction. Men have achieved greatness in spite of poverty, blindness, persecution, and that deadliest of all obstacles, sickness. Compared to the iron chains that fettered so many great men, what are the spider-webs of convention that are supposed to have bound women hand and foot? The whole history of the world shows that where the will and the power are, all barriers fall. Many men have showed such will and such power, and they are latent in multitudes more. But the number of women who have had them could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The unpleasant fact is that except in rare cases, women are entirely devoid of courage, initiative and intellectual power. It is not society that has stamped these qualities out of them. It was their complete absence from the feminine make-up that made possible the repressive systems the editor deplors. These systems were not abolished by women. They were done away with because of a general realization on the part of men that such repression produced women who were intensely boring as companions and intolerably dangerous as mothers. Now that the gates have been opened, women have competed freely with men in many fields. The results prove conclusively the absolute mental and moral inferiority of women.

Women have acquired a practical monopoly in certain trades, such as stenography and nursing, where the work is too stupid and boring for any man to bother with it. They are on their way to such a monopoly in the lighter industrial trades (notably machine-spinning and weaving), where the work is entirely mechanical and where women, although no more efficient than men, demand less pay. They have an excellent foothold in the odd jobs of business (note the number of women secretaries, reception clerks and the like), in commercial art, in elementary teaching, and in similar occupations where industrious and careful mediocrity can "get by."

But in the higher spheres, women's success has been much less marked. There are very few successful women executives in business. Probably some of them are really only "fronts" for some man who dislikes the spotlight. In the professions there is very little representation of the "fair" sex. In engineering and applied science they get nowhere at all. These professions demand not only exact knowledge, but the ability to apply complicated rules to complicated problems, which is one of the functions of the higher intellect. In medicine there are a few women scratching for a living in the lower brackets, where nimble fingers and a soothing manner are often sufficient to deal with minor ailments. In law, a few women have found that for a police court and small debt practice a good memory and a talent for quibbling are too often acceptable substitutes for

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learning, logic and eloquence. In the arts, of course, there are plenty of women who can turn in a neat job of painting, sculpturing or writing—if they can find some man to imitate. In abstract science, there are two names of women, Mme. Curie and Dr. Sabin. The rest is silence.

As for the art and science of government, the highest and most difficult of all human activities, women just aren't in the picture. There have been puppet queens like Catherine "the Great" and Elizabeth, pitiful incompetents like Cleopatra. But the boldness of vision, the tenacity of purpose, the ability to gauge obscure forces, and to overcome or neutralize overwhelming opposition, the qualities of mind and will that go into the making of an Augustus Caesar, a Lenin, or a Pope Hildebrand, are things that are utterly outside the capabilities of any woman who has ever lived.

That women are inferior to men in

intellect and will has been firmly believed by all great men. Her activities under the new freedom have proved the proposition to the hilt.

Yours truly,
MICAH THE MISOGYNIST.

Brief

He was an Engineering Frosh and he wanted to join the Sheaf staff. But the Editor, in his mean way, crabbed and crabbed about the stories he turned in. "You make them too long, too many details; for Marx' sake, make them shorter!" Finally the Frosh produced this:
"A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest of Lady Panmore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a highball, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that."—Queen's Journal.

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FEATURES

CO-ED

Editor—Did you ever write a novel?
Sally—Yes, once. I wrote a confession story.
Editor—And it was sent back?
Sally—Well, not exactly. The editor of the magazine came all the way from California to bring it back to me.—The Sheaf.

THE INTER-YEAR PLAYS

(Continued from Page One)

The best actor in this play was, in our estimation, Malcolm Thomas-Peter. He was completely at his ease, and played the smart young college student as if he liked the part. The only difficulty was his hands; he used them far too much. When he was not employing them again and again for a gesture continually the same, his hands wandered to the sleeve holes of his sweater, then to his belt, then into his trousers' pockets and out again. He buttoned and unbuttoned his coat constantly. It was very distracting, and weakened his otherwise good performance.

Next came the Junior Class play, "Torches," and it was the most popular with the audience at large. Greater attention was paid to stage effect in this play than in any other on the bill; the directing of Alan Macdonald, too, must be commended highly. Renaissance setting and costumes, consistently good and impressive lighting—these gave the play plenty of atmosphere. The acting of Miss Kathleen Beach as Gismonda, the young and dissatisfied noblewoman who had married for money, was the most outstanding feature of the play, in fact of any play

that evening. Her emotional power, the subtlety of her interpretation and her graceful movements were as fine as anything ever seen on the University stage. Mr. Prowse, as Lord Allesandro, used a strong voice to advantage, but there could have been more variety. Mr. Stewart's interpretation of Pietro suffered from a predisposition on his part to play the note of defiance throughout, whether the lines demanded it or not. The tenseness of his posture only accentuated this. In his scene with Allesandra he softened very little. Only a display of contrasts in his character could have made the dialogue (very wordy at this point) endurable. It was rather difficult to see how he could ever have been a trusted young servant of the Duke, if his grateful memories could have been recalled in such a tone.

But the play was gripping and kept the audience tense almost without a break. The play suffered from one defect, however (and the actors grappled bravely with it): the climax was too long in coming. In the love dialogue between Allesandro and Pietro far too much was said, and the continued immobility of the actors through it, put a severe strain on the play as well as the audience. Mr. Prowse was let stay seated on the table far too long. When the play drew to a close, though, the action moved smoothly and swiftly, and the curtain went down before an intensely moved audience. It was our choice—a fine play.

The Sophomore Class play followed next on the program, "The Warrior's Husband." It was the second time for this gay burlesque to appear here, and the efficient directing of Miss Jean Anderson made it a lively, rollicking affair. The absurd idea of the play, and the nature of the lines, make it impossible for the play to be dull under any circumstances, but the enthusiasm of the players gave it a swiftness and punch which took the audience by storm. Edith Spencer gave an energetic interpretation of Hippolyte, and Judith Bishop's portrayal of Homo was one of the best pieces of work of the evening. "The right good will" of Audrey Michaels as Antiope and Ron Graham as Theseus, when they wound into a vigorous embrace, was only characteristic of the general gusto of the presentation.

The judges awarded the shield to the final play of the evening, "The House with the Twisted Windows," presented by the Senior Class, although we might have hesitated to do so. In the first place, the play is not well unified. The long and somewhat tedious attempt to establish a mood of hysteria at the opening of the play (and that ghastly hair-restorer incident) would have posed any actors, however good, with a very difficult problem. Much of it is unnecessary and could well be cut. It is also hard to grasp just what is the implication of the fairy story for the play itself: it reveals the character of Derry Moore of course, but this could easily be achieved in another way. The fairy story seems to be thrust onto an ordinary Sidney Carton theme with somewhat vague purpose. Facing this difficulty the Senior Class was handicapped at the very outset.

There were a good many things in the presentation that might have been improved: the grouping was often very ragged; there was continued mustering of characters; over and over again they spread themselves in a straight line across the stage. Action was seldom well motivated, and as a result the play dragged. It was only with Rod Digney's telling of the fairy story that the audience became really interested. Up till that time we felt that it could have lasted indefinitely.

As for the players themselves: Leonard Harper listened to his imported accent constantly, and spoiled the effectiveness of an otherwise fine voice; Tony Whiteside played the coward adequately, although we regretted his stroking caresses; Jean Holbrook walked with a straight precision which seemed to indicate strain. The talents of Margaret Aldwinckle were not given opportunity in the small part she took: she played Heather nevertheless with her usual grace. Ellenor Swallow as Anne did not give the impression of being in love with Charlie at any time.

It was the fine performance of Rod Digney that saved the play for the Seniors. When he came upon the stage the play took new life: his telling of the story of "The House with the Twisted Windows" held the audience completely. He revived in the mind of the audience an interest in the play, but he did this in spite of the lines,

Futile Verbiage

"Why are we here? Why is anybody here?" The Arts Library crowded on a Monday morning with a motley throng sufficient to provoke this bro-midically philosophic flicker. However, one thing led to another, and we eventually arrived at a kind of solution. We're here to get what we want, and what we want is determined by our point of view. Whether we consider life's issues from the material standpoint of food, advancement, glory or whether we go "drifting on legends" forever, encompassed by the indeterminate mists of vision and hope.

First in the rank of the materialists comes the conscious picker-upper of Tuck dates. The woman who waltzes into the library with a thin sheaf of notes, oozes in beside some dear masculine acquaintance, turns pages, coughs throatily, yawns, sighs gustily, fawned, explains with an apologetic murmur, if in the morning, that she didn't get any breakfast; if in the afternoon that around 4 o'clock she just can't concentrate—that woman makes good use of the library and she gets her reward—usually 15c worth.

Secondly, that person who dashes in and masters his assignment the period before his class, fearful lest his ignorance should be exposed and his professor unduly prejudiced; he with a belated conscience, who skipped the last lecture and spends the hour feverently trying to interpret the hieroglyphic abbreviations in his pal's notes. Then the "life is real and life is earnest" student who with glazed eyes sits down, methodically counts out 15 pages, and proceeds to digest them, hands over ears, his mouth opening and shutting as he commits to memory the dictated sentences of his instructor. The bell rings; he folds and re-arranges his papers with a little jerk of self-satisfaction; he's mastered 15 pages just cold, that period. He gets his reward, probably a good second.

Next comes the man with a passion for exercise, and a slight egotistical taint. Ten minutes after each period has started the door by the fountain opens. Creak, thump. All the way down the library does he sit down? No; he makes a careful note of all the occupants, and leisurely wanders out the other door, pausing dramatically with the door half-open for one last comprehensive look, then exit.

There remains those delightful people no table should be without—those endowed with the essentially social, the convivial nature; the read mail from home with joyous burbles and are overcome by the need to read, with long and diverse asides to explain, the choice point and circumstances of the story extracts to their nearest neighbors. With them we also assign those endearing young women who simply must confide the delicious titbits of the day to the person at the opposite table through the medium of giggles, eyebrows and really!

The motives of these pseudo-students in the use of the library are direct and earthy, strictly materialistic. They get what they want, but perhaps the results possess "semblance of worth not substance."

He who visits the library with no mundane motive, but with a simple desire to read and handle good books, he is the fit subject for our praises. He is motivated by the truest and best literary tastes; who sits down to read the Literary Digest, Punch, The Nation and The Gateway; he is intelligent and intellectual who ponders over documentary evidence in history, reads reference books suggested, not advised; who delights in discovering for himself something vital and original in each course. Perhaps he is merely attracted by artistic or literary oddities; he may barely pass or even fail his year. It is immaterial. His rewards are not tangible; neither food nor good marks nor choice gossip, but rather fruits of the spirit—a joyous creativeness and an eager mind. His reward is not of the earth earthy, but in heaven.

Was that last sentence a transcendental flourish? We wonder.

and hence more credit still is due to him. The Senior Class was very fortunate to win the shield, and it might be said in all fairness that they attempted the hardest task of the evening. There was a greater collective effort put forth in it than in any other play, and in view of that, the decision of the judges has certain justification.

CHRYSANthemUMS

Chrysanthemums bending
Before the wind.

Chrysanthemums wavering
In the black choked grasses.

The wind frowns at them,
He tears off a green and orange stalk
of broken chrysanthemum.

The chrysanthemums spread their flattered heads,
And scurry off before the wind.

WOMEN NOTE

A recent plebiscite for bachelors, organized by a British newspaper and entitled "What Type of Women Appeal to men," established the following facts:

Men don't like red-haired girls. Brunettes are easily more popular than blondes.

Brown eyes are the most popular, with blue a close second.

Pleasure-loving girls are not wanted as wives.

Sophisticated girls polled only 11 per cent. of the votes.

The slim-boyish figure won only 5 per cent. more votes than the feminine-plumpish figure.

Edna was thinking of running a skit about Good Queen Bess in the lit which will come out some time, but it fell through after the following conversation took place:

Queen—You may kiss my hand.
Knight (probably "Deadline")—Was-sa matter, is your mouth dirty?—The Sheaf.



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THEATRE NEWS

STRAND THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Dec. 5, 6, 7—Edmund Gwenn and Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Bishop Misbehaves."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Dec. 5, 6, 7—Gene Stratton Porter's Famous Story, Tom Brown in "Freckles," and Charles Farrell in "Fighting Youth."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Dec. 4, 5, 6—Paul Lukas in "Age of Indiscretion," and Ida Lupino in "Smart Girl."

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ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL AT McDUGALL GYM
WEDNESDAY NIGHT

WATCH THE INTERFACULTY HOCKEY
SCHEDULE

VARSITY HOOPERS WIN GAME SATURDAY

Golden Bears Take Redskins In Second Game of Season

TEAMWORK OF VARSITY OUTSTANDING

Lees, Shipley and Malcolm High Scorers

With the starting lineup of Malcolm, Richards, Shipley, Walker and Kiewell, Varsity took the floor against the Y Redskins Saturday night. The play opened fast, and on a nice passing attack Shipley went through to score the first basket, and for the next few minutes the home team swept the visitors before them, ringing in six baskets before the visitors could find their feet. In the first few minutes of play Kiewell was at the scoring end of the Varsity attack, and shot some clean baskets that came from well-drilled team-mates.

Play Strenuous

Although there were a good many foul shots granted, the game was played clean, any offence to the rules being caused by anxiety of the teams to give the best they had. It was noted that throughout all the game, although the Redskins had their share of the ball they were unable to work it in close to the basket for effective shots. However, it may be added that many of those tries came very close to scoring, and it may have been the combination of bad luck and a strange floor that prevented them from clicking on the scoring end of their plays.

At half time the score was 20 to 5, but in this period as in the following one the game was closer than the score would indicate.

Second Half

After a brief rest the Redskins came back fighting, and with a smart play the Indians scored twice in a row. Clouston snagged the points for this rally. However, when Lees, playing a fine game, picked up a wild pass from the Redskins and snugged it for an other point, that rally was broken, and then Kiewell again scored on a long shot from centre floor to again give Varsity the edge on the play.

At this time Lees was banished from the floor for having his quota of fouls, and a few minutes later Richards of the Redskins followed. Throughout all this period the play was kept at a fast pitch, and although the final score was never in doubt, the play was of such quality that there were no dull moments, and the small but enthusiastic gallery that were present saw two good teams give all they could in a fast clean game.

The score at final whistle stood at 42 to 18 for Varsity.

Team Promising

As this is Varsity's second game, it would seem that they are building up an aggregate that will be able to go places this year, due to the fact that they are depending on team-work and not individual stellar performances. The scoring was well divided. Lees, Shipley and Malcolm and the other players were responsible for a large number of assists as well as their individual scores.

In the second half Varsity changed their defensive plays and used man to man defence. This would seem to have been necessary, as in the first half only half as many points were scored.

BADMINTON

Varsity Suffers First Defeat in Inter-Club Badminton Series

In nine keenly-contested matches, the Edmonton Badminton Club, playing on their home courts, proved their superiority over the Varsity Club by a 5-4 win, last Friday night.

The best match of the evening was between Lyle Hoar and Fraser Mitchell. Hoar took the first game 9-15, but Mitchell came back brilliantly to win the next two games 15-12, 12-14.

Barbara Mitchell avenged the defeat handed her by Doreen Clapperton in the last encounter, 10-13, 11-7, 13-12.

With the score tied four all, the mixed doubles was a hard-fought match, M. Cockburn-Mrs. Brough defeating Couper-Aikenhead 8-13, 15-12, 15-8.

This is the first loss for the Green and Gold in the pre-Christmas schedule, and unless the Edmonton Club wins two games from the Ingewood Club, Varsity will have first position for the inter-club cup.

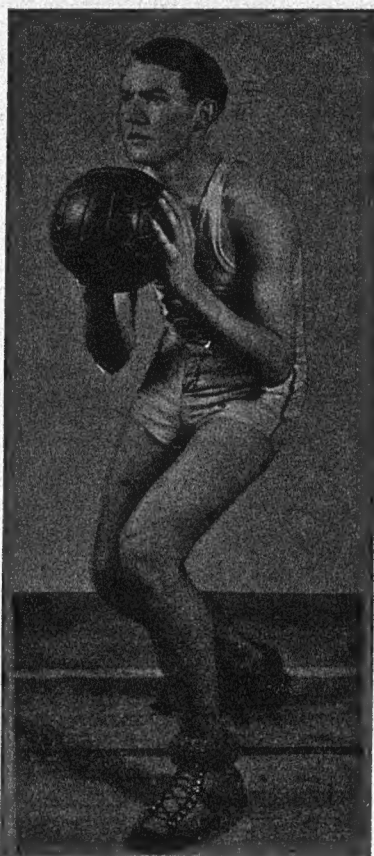
Results

Singles—F. Mitchell, Varsity, defeated L. Hoar, Edmonton, 9-15, 15-12, 17-14; B. Mitchell, Edmonton, defeated D. Clapperton, Varsity, 10-13, 11-7, 13-12.

Doubles—Mrs. Brough-Mrs. Washburn, Edmonton, defeated H. Aikenhead-D. Clapperton, Varsity 15-7, 15-9; B. Smith-B. Dick, Varsity, defeated G. Ghiselin-K. Nash, Edmonton, 15-9, 15-9; G. Crawford-H. Cooper, Varsity, defeated F. Smith-H. A. Dyde, Edmonton, 15-12, 15-10; H. A. Dyde-H. E. Pearson, Edmonton, defeated F. Mitchell-G. Crawford, Varsity, 7-15, 15-10, 15-12.

Mixed Doubles—L. Hoar-Mrs. Washburn, Edmonton, defeated R. Adamson-B. Smith, Varsity, 15-7, 15-10; B. Tobey-B. Dick, Varsity, defeated M. Cockburn-G. Ghiselin, Edmonton, 15-12, 15-11; M. Cockburn-Mrs. Brough, Edmonton, defeated H. Cooper-H. Aikenhead, Varsity, 8-15, 15-12, 15-8.

HIGH SCORER



JACK LEES
One of last year's stalwarts

against them. However, when they have gained more experience playing together as a team, they will be able to give any aggregation they meet tough opposition. The season is early, and by the time the schedule begins, Varsity will be one of the deadliest teams on the floor.

Lineups:
Varsity — Forwards, Shipley (11), Lees (12), Hutton (3), Malcolm (10), Shillington (2); guards, Walker (3), Thompson, Richards.
Redskins—Burbon (3), Richards (3), Nelson, Hamilton, Clouston (7); guards, Campbell (1), Mitchell, Winkler, Cunningham (4).

CO-EDS PLAY LENAS

Girls Hold Lenas to Draw

The Co-eds Basketball team made another bow before the public after the Senior men's game, when they tangled with the Leaping Lenas. The girls, although outmatched in height and weight (Levesque was playing) turned in a very fine performance and managed to keep the Lenas down to a tie. When the final whistle blew the score was 18 all. (We suspect the timekeeper didn't want the Lenas to feel badly, so he blew the whistle as soon as the score was tied.)

The climax of the game came when Frankie Layton scored a basket. The other outstanding feature of the game, besides the girls' fine playing, were the roars of "Toar" Ed Levesque, who bellowed right lustily whenever the Co-eds got into a position to score. In fact, we think the girls would have won quite handsomely if Ed had not come through with his lion imitation.

The Co-eds did, without a doubt, play a fine game. Their team-work is being rapidly developed, due to the efforts of Coach Jamieson. The shooting is rapidly improving, and the

INTERFAC HOCKEY

Engineers Take Leadership of Interfaculty League

The Engineers climbed into top position of the Interfac A League when they repulsed a determined Arts team 3-0 last night.

The Engineers commanded the play during all three periods, but the Arts team put on a few spurts and would have registered but for the sterling work of Baker in goal.

The first period went scoreless, the Engineers pressing hard towards the end, but failed to find the mark.

In the first few minutes of the second period Lees combined with Bergman for the Engineers' first tally. The Arts then put on the pressure, but their plays failed to click, and soon afterwards Lees again broke away on a solo, tricked the defence and shoved the puck into the goal. Hunt was chased for the first and only penalty in the game.

In the third period the Engineers forced the play, and finally K. Millar broke through to make it 3-0 for the Engineers.

The Engineers' play was far superior to the Arts, their plays working smoothly. A very small crowd, including two excited Pembinites, viewed the game, which was worthy of a much larger attendance.

Lineups:
Engineers — Goal, Baker; defense, Miller, Lees; forwards, K. Millar, Bergman and E. McPherson; subs, W. Smith, F. McPherson.

Arts—Goal, Rose; defense, Jamieson, Rontier; forwards, Morgan, Magratten, Goodwin; subs, Hind, Murray, Huculak.
Referee—Francis.

AGS DEFEAT MEDS 2-1

In a hotly contested game between a pickup team of the Seniors and the two interfac teams Saturday afternoon at the Varsity Rink, the AGs defeated their old rivals the Meds to the tune of 2-1.

Tallman was outstanding in the AG goal.

Lineups:
Ag-Com-Law—Talbot, Laval, Bassarab, Scott, Fortier, A. Millar, Sharpe, Tallman, Gibson, Rontier, Cruickshank, Dewis, Warren.

Phis, Warren.
Pharm-Med-Dents—Oatway, Dunlap, G. Fortier, Costigan, Stark, Buchanan, Zender, Barley, Coutts, C. des Rosiers, Woywitka, Lane.

floorwork is becoming faster and more systematic. The girls show that they are using their heads to good advantage. It was thrilling to watch the lassies duck under the mighty reaches of the Lenas' guards and go through for basket after basket.

The Lenas gave the Co-eds an opportunity to play against tough opposition. Prospects of a good ladies' basketball team for the coming season are bright. We hope to see them in action soon against another ladies' team.

Lineups:
Varsity Co-eds — Forwards, Irene Barnett (7), Jane MacDonald (3), Winnie Algar (4), Joan Hudson (2); guards, Gay Ross (2), Rosemund Dobson, Flo Branch, Kathie Rose, Belva Bailey, Evelyn Barnett.

Leaping Lenas — Forwards, Bob Gammin, Jack Dunlap (4), Hugh Ormsby (2), Frank Layton (2); guards, R. Rheinart (4), Ed Levesque, Earl Dean (4), Don Irving (2).

BASKETBALL WEDNESDAY

Double-header in McDougall Gym

The Seniors will tangle with the Hawks in the McDougall High School gymnasium on Wednesday evening at 9:15 p.m. The Hawks are a heavier team than the Redskins, and have been having a winning streak in the city games played thus far. The Golden Bears are turning out fast basketball and a good match is guaranteed basketball fans.

The preliminary game will feature

the intermediate team. It will be noted that a number of the Lenas are among this aggregation. The match is bound to have plenty of life.

INTERFAC BASKETBALL

Teams should be made up as soon as possible, so that practice games may be played before Christmas. Regular schedule starts early in January.

How They Stand

	P.	W.	L.
Engineers	2	2	0
Arts	1	0	1
Pharm-Dents	1	1	0
Meds	2	0	2
Ag-Com-Law	2	1	1

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